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THE IRON PALACE OF THE KING OF SIAM.

### THE IRON PALACE OF AN AFRICAN KING.

Whatever the notions inspired by the power of Great Britain among savage nations, in former times, when it was deemed necessary to make a hostile demonstration, great as the amazement of the savage must be at finding such vast means of destruction constantly at our command, at least equal admiration must be kindled when the wonders achieved by the useful arts for increasing the comforts of life are beheld. To see so elegant a structure as that represented in the cut which accompanies this article, formed wholly of iron, made in this country, and transported to Africa, must make the native beholders feel their own inferiority as regards ingenuity and skill, and dispose them to render willing homage to the name of England.

The efforts of the missionaries have, in a mere worldly point of view, rendered great services to humanity. They have prepared the natives to appreciate what well directed industry can achieve; and great, indeed, must the amazement of unlettered men be to see a palace for their monarch, so elegant and commodious, arrive at their coast from a far distant land.

It is impossible to foresee what may eventually grow out of the beginning thus made. The superiority of iron dwellings over the flimsy huts which the Africans have been accustomed to rear, must be so immense that in the fullness of time it may be expected iron houses for exportation will form an important article in British commerce.

The subject of this week's cut was made at Liverpool for the king of Calabar. It may be proper to mention that Calabar is a country of Africa, in the kingdom of Benin, or Upper Guinea. It is divided into Old and New Calabar, with a river of the same name in each. The entrance into New Calabar is in north latitude 4 deg. 30 min., west longitude 9 deg. 10 min.; the entrance into Old Calabar is in north latitude 4 deg. 32' min., west longitude 10 deg. 28 min. With Calabar a considerable trade has been carried on by the Dutch.

Some time back it found a formidable enemy in the king of Bonny, who boasts of having destroyed New Calabar twice, and his feuche house was decorated with the skulls of numerous subjects of Calabar who had fallen before the victorious barbarian.

Eyambo, the king of Calabar, for whom the iron palace has been made, it may be presumed has made some progress in civilisation, or it would not have occurred to him that such a structure was necessary to his comfort or dignity. The following is the description given of it in the *Liverpool Times* on its completion:—

"It is built of plate and panels of iron upon a wooden skeleton merely, by Mr.

William Laycock, iron merchant, of Old-hall-street, and was on Friday opened to public exhibition (for the benefit of the charities) in the open space near the Post Office. The structure consists of two stories and an attic. The first floor contains a centre hall, 40 feet by 14, and four rooms, 18 feet by 15; the whole 10 feet high. The second floor is thrown into one grand state room, forming the royal audience chamber, 50 feet by 30, extending to 40 in the recesses, and lighted by thirteen windows. It is extremely airy and handsome, and is 12 feet in height. The attic is one apartment, extending over the entire building, the ceiling and walls of the hall of audience are richly decorated by Mr. Dodd, of Bold-street, and on the walls are placed a number of Jennings and Bettridge's splendid pictures in papier maché, which will certainly astonish 'the natives.' More of these are to follow: one of the lower rooms is to be rendered absolutely gorgeous; and those who visit the palace once will be induced to go again, from the circumstance that embellishments of the first order will be gradually added to the attractions of the palace. When in Africa, the building will be placed seven feet clear above the ground, on piles of hard wood, leaving space for store and bed-rooms, the whole being designed rather as a state or business palace, than as a domestic residence. It is surrounded by a balcony and verandah, and will be painted a light stone colour to resist the solar heat."

### THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

Pleasure is not happiness. But are not pleasure and happiness kindred words? They are often understood to be such, and yet there is a difference, and often a wide difference, as much as between truth and falsehood, which in these particulars may often be declared to resemble one another. No two things can scarcely be more different, and yet none so mixed and united. The reason is, fancy is often substituted for fact, and realities assume the name of their opposites, and thus what is styled pleasure often means pain; and the man of pleasure is really one ingenious in robbing his own soul of that happiness of which it is susceptible, and of forcing upon himself dissipation, ennui, and disgust. We are often ignorant of our true friends, or else ungrateful to them. We most depreciate those for whom we ought to cherish the highest esteem. Dr. Johnson was most rancorous against the Scotch. Even in his dictionary, the great lexicographer cannot

let slip a good opportunity of wreaking his antipathy, for as half the world knows the definition of oats he has given, is "a kind of grain used by man in Scotland, and beasts in England;" and yet his great biographer, who has handed down his fame, was a Scotchman, and the seven men who assisted him in compiling his dictionary, on which his immortality principally rests, were the same. How few know the real sources of happiness, and of those that know how few rightly apply them. The scripture says, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." How often have parents from motives of selfishness or sordidness wounded and murdered their own children. How often have strangers exerted themselves on behalf of the weak or friendless, where relatives preserved a sullen stillness. Is not the great drama of life made up of delusions? Are not riches often nothing but the most chilling and heart-rending poverty; and love the mania of lust rather than the mysterious sympathy which draws and binds two kindred souls together, when once they meet, in holy and happy ever-brightening affection; honour the bubbles of imagination, learning prejudiced or obstinate error, and mixed up with a little truth; and what are ambition's pleasures but dreams of the sleeping soul—the sleep of reason, the wakefulness of fancy. Yet the briars sown in the fine drawing-room cannot live without love; and yet how often is the enamoured youth forced to say, "Oh, would I had never seen her—that she was an object of superlative indifference or of aversion! She is my evil genius; my demon, scaring my path, otherwise serenely bright. Anxiety, suspense, and horror, have since then been my daily nauseated food. Should she refuse she will be my murderer, and if she listens to the suppliant's prayer, I fear she will gain but a wreck." The ancients believed that love affected the liver, and the moderns think it acts upon the heart. Lucian seems to have thought that it attacks the head. When Vulcan came with a hatchet to cleave Jupiter's head, who complained of suffering excessive pain in that part, at the time he bore Minerva, and perceived the goddess marching forth, he very pleasantly exclaimed, according to that author, "I don't wonder at your having a pain in your head, when you've a woman in it."

Gold, silver, precious apparel, costly furniture, superb ornaments, and gaudy equipage; the applause of men, the dignities of station, and the emoluments of office—are only valuable in proportion as they are beheld through the distorted medium of public fancy or opinion. They are not necessary, nor are they ever adapted to give permanent tranquillity, much less delight to the soul; and after they have been

enjoyed awhile, they become insipid, ordinary, if not distasteful. That which at the distance appeared so precious, estimable, and blissful, when approached dwindles and fades. Bring a poor man to a table of delicacies, invest an ignoble man with honour, give respect to a despised person, for the present moment you surround them with scenes of pleasure and delight; but time and custom will soon wear off this content and pleasure, so that they shall be compelled to acknowledge that they were equally happy in their former estate. As those who are long accustomed to strong perfumes cannot scent ordinary ones; so it is with the sons and daughters of pleasure; the gaze, the admiration, and envy of the ignorant crowd—they cannot realise the pleasures known to the sons of toil—their senses are so suffocated that they cannot enjoy them. Fashionable diversions and worldly sources of pleasure are mostly nothing but a dull repetition; and what can be more insipid and tedious than to be doing the same thing over and over again; to be a kind of machine or stage-coach horse, running over the same road each day. What is the life of a modern time-killer, but the life of a single day? He lives but one day, and how is that spent? The beautiful and happy creatures rise at one, and after swallowing some tea or chocolate are off for Regent-street, ride in the Park, or dandle elsewhere in a stupid carriage as close, if not as dark, as a cup-board; return in time to spend about two hours at the toilet, before dinner at seven. By nine or ten, after a few verbal insipidities, they visit the opera, or some fashionable concert or rout, &c., until about four o'clock in the morning, when they return, helpless as infants, in need of ladies'-maids and valets to put them to bed. So great is the force of example, and so few venture to think for themselves, that thousands will move through all these circles in a day; and because the world styles such barbarous, slavish, antics, Fashion and Pleasure, they fancy that to live as other people do is but to breathe—to vegetate—that their life alone is all ease and pleasure; when, in reality, no mill-horse, in the round he is obliged to perform in the course of his daily labour, suffers half the fatigue these butterflies sustain, and call it sport. Give but the name of pleasure to any act, let it be to heap Ossa on Pelion, the obsequious crowd will perfect the task, and you shall not hear one murmur given beneath his burden. Such may, perhaps, whilst at the opera, be found applauding and vociferating, "*O che allegrezza! O che gusto! O che musica! Stupenda!*" apparently from the delight they experience on hearing the singing; but, in truth, merely to frighten Somnus from their eye-lids, who would

otherwise most certainly have betrayed them into a fit of yawning, or a nodding of the head, significant of drowsiness, which would have infallibly made them liable to the imputation of vulgarity in the fashionable sphere. Lowering as such may be even to a lady, how much more so to a man? But however frivolous their employ, or however they may despise us and ours, we have sufficient good sense and feeling to say to them, as the old priest did to James the First, on his coming to England, "May heaven bless you, and make a man of you, though it has but bad stuff to make it of." We do not, indeed, deny that good-breeding and education are necessary to develop the energies and gratifications of the mind, to give zest to pleasure, to supply both the relish and the dainty; but as for all the superfluities, what are they, but as encumbrances to beauty and truth? And what kind of character may be expected from these hunters of pleasure; what, but that they shall be able or willing alone to receive but never to give; nature apparently mistaking the head for the heart—making the former soft and the latter hard. Alas! the lover of pleasure, the squanderer of time, may not venture out into the regions of open vice; yet he lives in their proximity. The term pleasure has almost become synonymous with immorality, when associated with character, gambling, drinking, and impurity. All lie in the same road. If not libertines, they are nothing better than general lovers, who have a heart for every passable, tolerably pretty lady they meet, and may thus be justly compared to silk worms, which the naturalist says have a continued row of hearts from their heads down to their tails. Marriage is regarded with indifference; its sanctity is regarded with little or no reverence; its attractions with no hope or delight. And what wonder if, when she has employed all her art to influence the mind from the cradle, that love should be absent, and even conjugal felicity be wanting. These are always greater in proportion as marriages are less difficult; but where the interest or pride of families, or parental authority, not the free inclination of the parties, unites the sexes, gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in spite of common moralists, who exclaim against the effect, whilst they pardon the cause.

Fashionable diversions, a constant relay of amusements and giddy pleasure, generally leave the heart lonely and melancholy. Ennui and dissipation are felt by the most privileged votaries of the smiling goddess. How different the fashionable lady abroad and at home! In the former character she appears all life, spirit, and good-humour; at home, listless, fretful, and melancholy, she seems like a spoiled actress of the

stage, over-stimulated by applause, and exhausted by the exertion of supporting a fictitious character. When the house is filled with well-dressed crowds, when it blazes with lights, and resounds with music, and pleasure, and frolic, in the character of the mistress of the revels, she shines the soul and spirit of pleasure and frolic. But the moment the company retires, when the music ceases, and the lights are extinguishing, the spell is dissolved. She walks up and down the magnificent saloons, absorbed in thought, seemingly of the most fearful nature.

"I must confess," says a fashionable woman, "that, though in the highest degree of splendour, I often look down, and envy the situation of the lowest of my servants, and fancy her more happy. She earns her bread by her industry; and when her daily work is done, can sit down with a conscience void of remorse, as it is free of vice. Oh, what pleasure must such a mind enjoy? Many a cottage have I looked on with a wistful eye, and thought the people within, though poor, and perhaps without a chair to sit on, much more happy and contented than I, who pass it in a coach and four, attended with a suite of servants!" Oh, thoughtless daughters of intoxicating pleasure! why sacrifice the peace and happiness of your days, and the best feelings of your heart, and the favour of the God of angels, with all a husband's fond endearing love, at Fashion's shrine. What is the eager pursuit of pleasure, but the fever and delirium of the soul.

"Explore the woods, the meadows and the wild,  
For sweet simplicity—untainted child.  
Let nature be your guide—trust not to art  
To deck the form, she mars the better part.  
From those rich flowers, that taste and fancy prize,  
No embryo seeds—no future race arise:  
These 'mid your smiles, your beauty, and your  
toil,  
Mourn social pleasures, and a parent soil."

The man of pleasure, though the admired of fashion, and the favourite of fortune, experiences no solid enjoyment in the vortex his abundant means have created, because his heart finds no home. He discovers the inanity of his costly gratifications, and meets spleen on the very goal his ambition has reached—he discovers no friend in the ever-smiling countenance, to which the smile of love, though but for a moment, is infinitely preferable—he is often disappointed, and still more wearied, satiated, and full of *ennui*, when his longings are gratified. His happiness hangs upon opinion which is ever-varying, and therefore nothing. But the man who finds his happiness in his duty, in conjugal love, wishes only to be free, with health and competence, and a heart free from the lust after imaginary gratifications; he possesses the *auream mediocritatem* of Horace; and

like the bee, he can extract sweetness from the most bitter flowers. Let the avaricious accumulator seek some other employment for his opulence; it has no value in the purchase of real happiness. If it may be said, that

"In furrowed fields and meadows green,  
The sustenance of states is seen,"

It may be said of individuals metaphorically, that it is in laboured acts and fair virtues, which may be compared to the above, that the sustenance of the soul is formed, whilst the numerous rounds of fashion, and the whirl of pleasure and dissipation, prove like the French revolution did to the interests of agriculture. Their character and state are thus forcibly described by Addison:—

"They starve—in midst of nature's bounty curst,  
And in the loaded vineyard die for thirst."

What, though possessed, when arrived at age, of an immense fortune, it only serves often as a lure to destruction, for pleasure borders on dissipation, as that does on extravagance and ruin. I need not enumerate the many channels through which the wealth of the child of opulence, now once made acquainted with the hardships of life—whose wisdom and practical energies have never been proved and strengthened by the encounter with difficulties and opposition—flows into the pocket of the sharper, or is extorted by the merciless fangs of ten thousand duns. He stands candidate, perhaps, for some venal borough, having no other recommendation but that of fortune, and whether he gain or lose the contest, he is half ruined, and if he cannot lay claim to aristocratic privilege, he flies from his creditors to France, to regale himself with *soup-maigre*. Reviewing his former proud residence and style, his spleen rises, he breaks out into curses upon his friends or fortune, or his own spendthrift folly; and turning from the pleasures he has yet in store with disdain, he for ever repines after those irrecoverably lost. Give me the man, however plain and humble, who, discreet, self-denying, indefatigable, talented, and blessed by that God whom he loves and serves, is born to rise, rather than the most fashionable and wealthy aristocratic heir nursed in the bosom of fictitious grandeur, who is destined to fall.

"And happier far, in nature's early stage,  
The savage, struggling with a barbarous age,  
By want surrounded, and by danger fed,  
The cave his shelter, and the rock his bed;—  
Than fortune's silken sons, in luxury born,  
Where plenty o'er them poured her golden horn;  
Who, foes to art, by culture unrestrain'd,  
Reel o'er the bowl, by feverish passions drained,  
Or doze out life, on sloth's dull couch reclined,  
And listless droop in apathy of mind.  
Ah! I have heard their unavailing sigh,  
Seen life's dull picture in their rayless eye—

Seen from their palsied hand the goblet fall—  
Seen, as they stooped to taste, the banquet pall—  
Seen them, habitual slaves of daily vice,  
Grasp, with familiar fiends, the loaded dice  
While beauty, withering in a widow'd bed,  
O'er her horn takes the tear unspilt shed.  
Seen them, worn out in manhood's golden prime,  
Droop like hoar age beneath the load of time.  
And, ah! in you's, in health, and beauty's bloom,  
By mad self-slaughter, stain'd the unhallow'd tomb."

Pleasure is not happiness; and happiness, not pleasure, is "our being's aim and end." They affect us in a different manner, and have nothing scarcely in common. Happiness is within ourselves, and therefore will be pleasure; it is durable, independent of accidents; every trifler may feel a lively pleasure, but a guiltless conscience, a wise mind, and a virtuous benevolent heart, alone possess that exquisite sensibility which assures the reign of happiness in the soul. The one is as the natural warmth of the body, the other but adventitious heat; the one the false sickly smile of the courtesan, the other the ever-radiant benignity of the endearing consort who is gazed upon with ever new transport and rapture by her faithful and devoted partner. This is the true delight—love, friendship, and benevolence, catching and spreading from mind to mind, from heart to heart, modelling the young, melting the old, and harmonising all. To obtain happiness, how easy the means! No pre-eminence of rank, no highly-sounding titles, no splendid fortune, is requisite. Thy germ lies in the heart of every human being, but thou canst only thrive amidst the affections of nature; when these are extinct, thou existest no longer; and poor, indeed, are the substitutes, which opinion and worldly prejudice place in thy stead.

But do we despise pleasure, must we be censured as morose or puritanic? We would court pleasure, whilst we ambitiously aspire to happiness. She is, indeed, often decried by the weak or the wrong-minded, like her twin-sister beauty, but not by the truly sensible and religious. Addison says, "the influence of beauty is irresistible;" and the charms of pleasure have seduced many an iron-hearted soul. We are not designed by heaven to retire to a dark cold corner, twisting our thumbs, without stuttering, for hours together. Good temper, refined sense, and sprightly wit, may and ought to throw a radiance even over the path of sorrow. We neither envy nor admire apathy and dullness, and must therefore give the following experience, not for praise or imitation, but rather to frighten the cold moralist of mistaken principles—"Since I came to man's estate," thus spake a quaker, "I never suffered myself to feel either joy or sadness, grief or merriment, but have passed my life in an uniform dullness and insensibility to all around; and I am thank-



lul that it is so, for though I never felt love, have likewise never known hate; though I am steeled to pity, I am also proof against anger; and I never in my life did any harm, though I never did any good." But let youth not regard life as all pleasure. So full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters and afflictions, that we shrink from the remembrance of them, and dread their intrusion into our minds, and fly from them to company and diversion.

The review of the past may indeed furnish many truly pleasurable scenes to the man of years, but this kind of felicity is always abated by the reflection that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it, are now in the grave. A few years make such havoc amongst the human race, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world. The man of enterprise, when he has encountered his adventures, is forced, at the close of his narration, to pay a sigh to the memory of those who contributed to his success; and he that spent his life among the gayer part of mankind, has quickly his remembrance stored with the remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence. The trader, whose industry had supplied the want of inheritance, when he sits down to enjoy his fortune, repines in solitary feasting, and laments the absence of those companions with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the student, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity and indigence, looks round in vain from his exalted state, for his old friends to listen to his fame, and to partake of his bounty.

Such is the imperfection of all human happiness; and every period of life is obliged to borrow its enjoyments from the time to come. In youth, we have nothing past to entertain us; and in age, we derive nothing from the retrospect, but fruitless repentance and sorrow. The loss of our friends and companions imposes hourly upon us the necessity of our own repentance. We find that all our schemes are quickly at an end, and that we must lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitude of former ages, and yield our place to others who, like us, shall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the surface of the earth; and thus, like us, be lost in the shades of death. Beyond this termination of our corporeal existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he is lost the power of perceiving it. Some

amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the increase and perpetuation of families and honours, and contrive to obviate the dissipation of fortunes, which it has been the whole business of their lives to accumulate. Others, more exalted and refined, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their expectations, the lasting fame of their performances, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

It is not, therefore, from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, sufficient to support us under every affliction. Hope is the chief blessing of man; and that hope only is rational, which we are certain cannot deceive.

We cannot better conclude, than in the last words of a dying parent—the best of mothers—to one, who, knowing and appreciating her many virtues, manifested that sincere, constant, and lovely filial piety, which he was about to transfer to the best of wives—"My dear child, I am now going to pay the debt imposed on the whole human race, in consequence of our first parents' disobedience. You know what instructions I have given you from time to time, and let me beg of you to adhere to them so far as they are consistent with the will of God, revealed in his word. May you be happy in the possession of that young lady on whom you have placed your affections; but may both she and you remember that real happiness is not to be found in this world; and you must consider your life in this world as merely a state of probation. God grant that your happiness in this life may be conducive towards your everlasting felicity hereafter. To the Almighty God I recommend you."

Not less wise was the counsel given by the father of the young bride, which was the following:—"I fear not that with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honour and happiness, and to heaven itself for the rich talents intrusted to your care and improvement; and though, in the mase of pleasure, or the whirl of fashion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us, for our least omission."

To conclude, real happiness is the pursuit, and prize, and love of the virtuous.

## THE SUGAR CANE AND SUGAR MAKING.

*(Concluded from page 210.)*

The brief sketch of the history of the sugar cane in our last week's publication, concluded with a short detail of the process adopted in the manufacture of this saccharine product. But in order that our readers may quite comprehend the true economy of a West India plantation, we must request them to retrace their steps, and return with us to the mill.

The crusted cane, or magoss, on passing through the mill wall to which we adverted, is taken to what is called the trash-house, a building usually about one hundred feet in length, eighteen feet in width, and about fourteen feet high, with a substantial roof, supported by a double row of pillars. There the trash is carefully spread out and thoroughly dried, and when freed from all fermentation and moisture is consumed in the boiling house as fuel.

Uniform as this custom has hitherto been throughout the whole West India colonies, a new doctrine has been mooted within the past six weeks, to the effect that the trash, like a sponge, although subject to the greatest pressure, does not part with the whole of the liquid which it had imbibed, and that, therefore, a considerable saving might be effected by recovering this portion of the fluid after the mill had performed its office of expressing the juice from the cane, and converting it into sugar. As much as fifty per cent. more than the quantity obtained from the juice by the first expression, is said to have been made by the adoption of this method.

In the process of sugar manufacture we adverted to the scumming from the clarifiers and evaporators with the feculencies and drippings from the hogsheads and cunes which were removed to the still-house. Here they are subjected to the process of distillation for the supply of rum. The process for the production of ardent spirits being similar in all countries and with all substances, yielding the necessary spirit, we need not refer to it, and only make the allusion in order that our readers may be fully cognisant of the entire disposition of cane from its earliest culture to the smallest product which it yields.

Sugar refining, or the making of loaf sugar, is performed chiefly in Europe; and in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel the bulk of the London refiners have domiciled themselves. This process, which was first introduced by the Venitians, is effected by the continuous boilings of the raw Muscovado sugar, with bullocks' blood and whites of eggs, and after frequent skipplings, subjecting it to a similar management as in the case of clayed sugar, by

placing it in conical pots, with a hole at the apex, and covering the base with clay or a saturated solution of refined sugar.

That "sugar affords the greatest quantity of nourishment in a given quantity of matter of any subject in nature," would seem to have been received as an axiom, not only by Dr. Rush, the author of this remark, but by the English community. Indeed, so rapid has been the growth of its consumption that while, in the fifteenth century, its use was solely confined to medicines and feasts, we find at the present day our colonial statistics furnish an average consumption throughout the population of Great Britain of 17lbs. per annum for each individual. As an antiscorbutic, as an antidote to the poison of verdigris, and as a preventive against the diseases which are produced by worms in children, it has been long commended by many eminent men of the faculty. During crop time in the West Indies, both man and beast luxuriate in these sweets, and are always in the most flourishing and healthy condition at this season. In confirmation of its fattening properties, Porter states, that "the Cochin Chinese consume a great quantity of sugar; they eat it generally with their rice, which is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations. There is little else to be obtained in all the inns of the country but rice and sugar; it is the common nourishment of travellers. The Cochin Chinese not only preserve in sugar all their fruits, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloe. They fancy nothing is so nourishing as sugar. The opinion of its fattening properties has occasioned a whimsical law. The body guard of the king, selected for the purposes of pomp and show, are allowed a sum of money with which they must buy sugar and sugar cane; and they are compelled by law to eat a certain quantity daily. This is to preserve the *embonpoint* and good looks of those soldiers who are honoured by approaching so near the person of the king, and they certainly do honour to their master by their handsome appearance. There are about five hundred of them, all equally sleek and plump, being actually fattened by sugar. Domestic animals, horses, buffaloes, elephants, are fattened with sugar cane in Cochin China."

## HOAX UPON MISS MARTINEAU DISCOVERED.

"The murder is out," we are told. Dr. Forbes, in publishing a pamphlet to prove mesmerism false, gives two statements which go to show that Miss Martineau's J. (her landlady's niece), was a great

trickster, and that Miss Martineau herself is a noodle. The *Athenæum*, in conclusion, opens its fire on the poor lady who, for a time, gave such extraordinary interest to its columns.

Dr. Brown, with a friend, having undertaken to make inquiry into all the circumstances brought forward by Miss Martineau, the following is the result:—

STATEMENT OF DR. BROWN.

"Mrs. Halliday is mistress of the house in High-street, Tynemouth, in which Miss Martineau lodged. She is aunt to Jane Arrowsmith, an orphan, who lives in the house with her, and assists her in taking care of it. An uncle and another aunt of Jane Arrowsmith's, and of the same name (Arrowsmith), occupy a small cottage at the bottom of the little garden or court, not above twenty yards long, behind Mrs. Halliday's house. On the Monday, the day preceding the mesmeric *séance*, intelligence was brought to Mrs. Arrowsmith's that the vessel in which her son sailed was wrecked. She was at Newcastle, and did not herself receive the news till she returned home late at night. She went on the following day to Shields to learn particulars from the owner of the vessel, and from him got those particulars—of the total wreck of the ship, of the saving of the crew by a foreign boat, of the drowning of the sailor-boy some time previously, and the safety of all present during the shipwreck—which are set forth by Miss Martineau's communication to the *Athenæum*, and were the basis of Jane Arrowsmith's (J.'s) mesmeric revelations. Mrs. Arrowsmith returned with the joyful tidings of the safety of her son, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, and then went immediately to her sister, Mrs. Halliday, to impart them to her. Jane Arrowsmith was in her aunt Halliday's house, when Mrs. Arrowsmith told the tale, but not in the kitchen, where it was told to Mrs. H. and the other persons there. A person present when Mrs. Arrowsmith narrated her tale to Mrs. Halliday, told me that the circumstances of it were the subject of conversation in the kitchen, in the interval between its communication there and the mesmeric exhibition, and that such conversation took place in Jane's presence. There was an interval of about three hours between the bringing of the news to Mrs. Halliday's and the *séance*, the one having taken place between five and six o'clock, the other eighteen minutes past eight, according to the information of a gentleman who was present at it, and who took notes of what passed there. The statement of the time of the arrival of the detailed information at Tynemouth and at Mrs. Halliday's house, I had from Mrs. Arrowsmith, confirmed by Mrs. Halliday. Jane Arrowsmith (Miss Martineau's J.) de-

nied to me that she had a knowledge of the particulars of the wreck prior to the *séance*. What reliance is to be placed on this declaration I leave to the decision of others, with the remark, that if she, a girl of nineteen, evidently of good understanding and of much natural acuteness, did remain for so long a period ignorant of facts which must have been of much interest to her (for the life or death of her own cousin was involved in them)—which had been discussed in her presence—which were perfectly well known, not only to her relations immediately around her, but, within the period, to almost every human being in the little village of Tynemouth—there was as great a marvel effected in her person, as when, in her sibylline condition, she revealed those same facts without having herself received them through any of the ordinary channels of human information. If, then, her veracity is to be implicitly relied on, we are compelled to conclude that two miracles were in one day accomplished in her person."

The gentleman who assisted Dr. Brown has published a statement, in the course of which he mentions the following facts:—

"Jane having, in answer to a question suggested by myself, informed me that although deaf people could not hear, blind people could see, and that she herself could see with her eyes shut in the mesmeric sleep, I presented my hand with a silver lancet-case in it before her, but she could not tell what it was. Mr. C. next drew out his watch with a heavy gold chain and seals attached, and passed it to Mrs. W. behind Jane's chair; in doing so, the chain rattled, and on a signal from myself, the watch was exchanged for a half-crown, which Jane immediately declared to be something round like a watch. Mrs. W. then applied it close to the back of the head, and afterwards laid it flat on the top of Jane's head, but she still declared it to be a watch, or something round like a watch—at one time using the former mode of expression, and at another (when pressed by Mrs. W. to try again) using the latter."

"One of the questions asked Jane was, what Miss Martineau should have for supper? and she replied, 'Miss Martineau will not require brandy in her *séance* tonight.' This drew forth from Miss Martineau and her mesmerist an exclamation of great surprise. How could J. know there was brandy in the *séance* last night?—When I laughed at this marvel, and suggested the possibility of her having seen the little dish prepared, or at least might have known from another sense that brandy had been used, I was told, with great earnestness by Mrs. W. that all down stairs were sworn to secrecy, and she was certain they would divulge nothing—not



even the important circumstance that Miss Martineau had had a spoonful of brandy in her sago for her supper the night before!

"A few minutes after Jane was said to be in the mesmeric sleep, we were informed by Mrs. W., in the ordinary tone of conversation, and in the presence of Jane, that whilst in a state of somnambulism, J. could not understand anything spoken by those around her,—even by Mrs. W., unless when the latter addressed herself specially to Jane. And, in full reliance upon this inability to hear what was said, Miss M. and the mesmerist *openly discussed the questions to be asked, &c.*, during the whole of the evening."

"These statements," says the editor of the *Athenæum*, "contain precisely the exposure which we always asserted would follow from local inquiries; but we confess that we neither believed nor hoped that it would be so complete and conclusive. The facts here adduced, would certainly place Miss Martineau in a most painful position before the public, if it were not known that she is deaf, and obliged, therefore, to take all things on trust, and rest contented with what is reported to her." He concludes by remarking: "Dr. Brown's statement is brief, clear, and specific, authenticated by dates, facts, and witnesses; and where the names are not given, the parties are clearly indicated, and Miss Martineau, at least, must know to whom he refers. We now, therefore, submit to her, in all friendliness, that no 'simple faith' inquiry will do here; it is a plain question of facts, yes, or no, truth or falsehood, and to be established or overthrown by evidence."

#### THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

Under the above title, Mrs. James Gray has written a tale which for natural and touching interest, may rank with the best sketches of modern life. With elegance of style it blends everything that can evince purity of mind, and the main facts are stated to be true. It may convey a useful lesson to some of the fortunate speculators of the day.

In the outskirts of Liverpool, lived William Grainger, he was a book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for old Gibbs, though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grain-

ger had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman of some personal beauty; but she brought him no fortune. They resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty, either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable. It was newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and the yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighbourhood; a kitchen in the sunk story, a small parlour, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bed-rooms above; and that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, when Mrs. Grainger sat alone in her little parlour. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself, and sat down to needle work. Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered if the world contained another creature so happy as herself. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road; but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled

thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fidgeted from the parlour to the gate and back again for another half-hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had "something on his mind." Coupling his demeanour with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

"I did not intend to tell you at present," he said, "in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr. Gibbs."

"Leave Mr. Gibbs!" exclaimed Mary in alarm. "Oh William, what have you done to offend him?—what on earth will become of us?"

"Do not be so easily terrified, Mary," replied Grainger; "I have no quarrel with Mr. Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and, with Mr. Gibbs's good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place. There is one drawback, however," continued Grainger, "the hours are longer, and I am not sure of always getting away at half-past five. Of course we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant."

"Then we must leave our little home!" exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendour of Messrs. Patchett and Adams's offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Grainger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new

duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs. Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets once fashionable, but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for "villas" and "terraces" in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains and new carpets, and a handsome book-case, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her; most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that during the days of poverty, they had scrupulously abstained from taking even the most trifling article on credit. But Grainger had combated her scruples, by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were "buried" in the small house they could do as they pleased, it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining anything for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle. All beginnings of evil habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt most so—the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the real but fancied want or whim of the moment, rivets link after link to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, and mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their fatal inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs. Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow. The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward for better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully

persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant; and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood; and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs. Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it; for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then would afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum; and would it not be foolish to lose such an opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves? The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest entreaty had not been complied with. "The bills I have given for these things," Grainger said, "are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long? Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do woman know of business?" Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence;

but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well. Two days before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

"Now, Mary," he cried, "now own that I was right, your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced almost fifteen hundred. I was rather alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but 'all's well that ends well,' and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold-street, and choose the best silk in W—'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it."

"But, William," said Mary, anxiously, "there is something I must say to you before we go. My five hundred pounds, it was *mine*, darling, was it not?" She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

"Of course it was yours," he replied hastily; "what more have you to say about it?"

"Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?" she continued, more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

"Indeed, Mary," he replied, "I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?"

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business? He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

"I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me," said he; "but you must know there are such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him."

"You thought it a large sum just now," William.

"And so it is, Mary, to us at present; I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?" And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could

now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave; and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful, but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unflinching attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs. Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hairbreadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly her precipices and pitfalls, which, had this journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years; it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets too—not painful, but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long

years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, "in all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us!" as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admission. She had that morning reminded him that this was "the memorable day;" but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her, that having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free from every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. "The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have indeed produced a golden harvest," said he; "if so small a sum has been thus so fruitful, what may not be done with a large one? Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger!" But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. "What, in the prime of my life turn clodhopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!"

"But, my dearest William, you need not be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighbourhood like this."

"Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness."

"Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage, and how very happy we were there!"

"The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well then, but scarcely good enough for our

pig sty now; people must live according to their means, my dear; I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself, now."

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been lightly spoken of who should have been had in reverence.

Another year passed away, and not without many changes. Mary's suffering child, her beloved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to Mary, not harsh, but reserved; and she, poor thing, after one or two effectual attempts to penetrate the secret that was evidently pressing on his mind was compelled to wait patiently for such revelations as the course of events might make to her. They came at last, and came with tremendous, almost crushing power. The speculation on which he had risked so much had completely failed, and William Grainger was a ruined man. Not only had he to bear the loss of the all which he had been so many years toiling for, but to listen to the reproaches of those who had cast in their lot with him, led by his advice and example. William Grainger had wished to acquire wealth, but still he was not a merely avaricious man. He had a proud high spirit and deep feelings, and these were keenly wounded by the imputations which many failed not to cast on him. He was made a bankrupt; but long before his affairs were settled, he was lying helplessly on his bed, the victim of brain fever.

For weeks poor Mary watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, too much absorbed in grief for his illness to think much on their losses, or to speculate as to what was to become of them for the remainder of their days. One of Grainger's creditors was a Mr. Fulwood, an elderly man of good property, and a member of the medical profession. He had some years ago assisted Grainger with money, which had

never yet been repaid, nor considering it safely invested, had he urged the repayment. For Mary he had ever entertained a high regard. Her gentleness, her freedom from pride, her motherly devotion to her invalid child, whom he had attended, had all won on his esteem, and he represented her case to the other creditors so feelingly, that he obtained a promise that the five hundred pounds which had originally been hers should be returned to her from the assets, and that she should be permitted to take what furniture she pleased from the villa before the sale took place. These tidings fell gratefully on Mary's ears, for that day had already been marked with joyful news. The doctors had told her that her husband might, probably would, recover; and in the light of the happiness this announcement had diffused around her, the comparatively small sum allotted to her seem like a direct gift from Heaven. They had, however, forborne to name one circumstance, which would have formed a dreadful drawback to her delight—the fact that the restoration of his body to health was not likely to be accompanied by that of his mind. Very soon, alas! that sorrowful truth dawned upon her. William Grainger was himself no more. He sat up, he walked about, he regained his strength, he even seemed to recognise his wife, but on all other points his memory was a blank. He still spoke fondly to her, and smiled on her with a kind of childish smile, but

"She saw in the dim and fitful ray,  
That the light of the soul had gone away."

Vainly did she hope and pray, and use every effort to arouse his mental energies. Mr. Fulwood told her that it was useless; and as weeks went by, and brought no change, she was obliged to believe him. One plan was still dear to her almost broken heart, and she rested not till it was executed. She had ascertained that the cottage where she had spent the first months of her married life was vacant, and she wished to reside there again. She consulted with Mr. Fulwood, and he approved of her wish. He had already applied to some relations both of her and her husband, and had wrung from them a promise of such a moderate weekly allowance as should protect her and that unfortunate husband from want. The five hundred pounds, at her earnest request, were kept apart for the purpose for which she had originally wished her legacy to be reserved—the education of her son; and tears of gratitude rolled down her pale cheeks as she reflected on the mercy of Providence in providing for that purpose. She availed herself no further of the kindness of the creditors respecting the furniture, than by taking away those articles which had formerly belonged to her little cottage.



Another year had rolled by, again a change. William Grainger, the enterprising trader, the great merchant, the last year's bankrupt, the fever-stricken idiot, had been carried to his lowly grave, the victim of a paralytic attack; and she, whose heart had clung to him so faithfully in joy and sorrow, dared not do otherwise than thank God for his release. "How happy we might be," she would often say, "if we would enjoy the blessings around us, instead of looking forward so anxiously to the future. If my poor William had done so—if he had been content in this cottage, all would have been well; yet no one could blame him when he took the first opportunity of getting into a superior situation. It had been well still if he had been contented with that excellent employment—well even when he left it and became rich and influential, if he had stopped in time; but the fever of speculation came upon him, and that brought ruin. Yet I do not murmur. All has been wisely ordered; and I have much to be thankful for—most, that my dear child has chosen a profession where he will not enter into the temptation that beset his poor father. Thank God that my Clement will have nothing to allure him to quit the Substance of happiness and pursue its Shadow."

#### HARBOURS OF REFUGE ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

No. VI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,—Had the commissioners appointed by government to survey the coast, been guided by that impartiality which should characterise their proceedings, they would have paid more homage to nature than to art. But, in their report, natural advantages have been regarded with contempt, for the purpose of introducing endless expense to surmount extraordinary difficulties in situations the most preposterous. This has been proved in these papers, but if the readers of the MIRROR are not yet convinced that I have judged this question impartially, I implore them to consult a map of this vicinity, and a chart of the shoals, bays, headlands, and promontories, and they will then ascertain the truth of the allegations which have been made. And if any fact were required above those already adduced to prove the superior fitness of Hythe over the whole range of coast, it would be from the opinion of Mr. Cubitt himself. I desire no better authority. Mr. Cubitt proposes that a curved breakwater should be constructed, enclosing five hundred acres of the British channel, to make

Dover, by the aid of art, what nature never intended this place for. This curved breakwater is to make a harbour on a grand scale, and capable of receiving vessels of two thousand tons burthen within its area of waters; and be it remembered this great achievement is not designed by the clever engineer before mentioned to be of any benefit until fifteen years have passed over in storms or sunshine. Now if this undertaking is sanctioned by the government—a work that I predict will be an utter failure—what will the people of our fair isle, and the engineers of the universe, think of our government which sanctions this absurdity. From the shores of Dymchurch, and Romney, a headland of at least four miles stretches out into the channel, forming an extreme point of beach and land which the great architect of nature has specially constructed to shelter vessels under stress of weather from the south-west, when bound to the mouth of our noble Thames, or around our northern coast, or across the German ocean, or to the chops of the shallow Scheldt,—a point of headland the reader will perceive on looking at the chart of this coast, which forms a *natural* breakwater to the bay of Hythe, where, we have before stated, for three miles there is not a shosol or shingle to prevent any vessel of the greatest magnitude to enter a harbour if constructed there. And yet, forsooth, an artificial breakwater is to be created at an enormous expense, in a situation which can never prove of service to the commercial or to her Majesty's navy, for reasons I have before stated, and which cannot be too frequently reiterated. It certainly does appear that the committee are wilfully blind to all this, and resolved—after so many disasters have happened—so much property devoured—so many lives sacrificed—to perform that which will be of a questionable benefit in fifteen years at Dover, for that this place will be selected I am morally certain. I know also that Dungeness has received great attention from the late government commissioners, *not* from the present cabinet, and let us examine on what ground. I beg pardon, the commissioners cannot choose this point for its ground, for there is not a plot of land near it. The beach extends from the strand to to about three or four miles inland. A dull, wide, waste of heartless stone, intermixed with shingle. The eye in vain seeks a piece of fertile green sward to break the harsh and sombre outline of the dreary solitude. The only evidence of civilisation is to be perceived in stations for the solitary coast guard, and the rude huts of the fishermen, who obtain but a scanty subsistence from the saline element; but most of these men are also publicans, and sell

a portion of the creature comforts to forlorn travellers in this wilderness. Here and there may be seen patches of garden ground, fenced around with heath broom, interwoven with stakes driven into the beach, in order to preserve the sickly vegetation from the fierce blasts of the winds that blow from every quarter of the heavens. These gardens have been the work of many years. The soil has been brought from the neighbouring marshes across the beach, and deposited stratum on stratum until it has become two "spits" deep. And here a few stunted gooseberry and currant bushes, put on a sickly green livery in the spring—they produce tawny berries, which seldom or ever arrive at ripeness. It is really melancholy to perceive the rose, and the humble pink, endeavouring to exhibit their beauty, and shed their perfume, on the "desert air." The only shrub and plant that do flourish, are the dwarf sloe and green sage. The fruit from the former is delicious, and the sage is the next best production of this sterile district.

At the extremity of the point called Dungeness, and within a hundred yards of high water point, stands the well-known beacon called Lydd light; it is a building of circular form, of red brick, its elevation is not great, but its brilliant and useful light is perceivable from almost every part of the British Channel. It can be seen from Beachy Head, and from Dover; from Calais, Boulogne, and most parts of the coast of France, and by vessels careering from the broad Atlantic. As a beacon light it is eminently useful, and the stratum on which the superstructure is elevated, is a point formed for a breakwater to the whole extent of coast to Seabrook, but as a place for a harbour of refuge, I think it will be perceived that it does not possess those essentials necessary for the grand object in question. But its capabilities ought to be exhibited to the public impartially. The extent of the beach westerly is almost interminable, in the north about three or four miles, and beyond that distance the surveyor reaches the fine levels of Lydd, Sootney, and Romney, which extend to the ridge of hills so often mentioned before, and to Rye, formerly an important port, whose harbour has long been choked up. Here then is plenty of space for a harbour, docks, warehouses, and a London if required; but there is one indispensable adjunct which this place requires, in order to justify the enormous outlay which it would require to excavate and construct a harbour here, and that is back water. The whole of Romney Marsh is notorious for a deficiency of water, and the inhabitants suffer dreadfully from marsh malaria, in consequence of drought. The ditches

which intersect this level become dry very early in summer, and the wells also are ill supplied; the cattle and the people suffer, the former sicken and "grow lean;" and the inhabitants are affected with intermittent fevers, which reduce them to skeletons, and consign them shortly to the grave, if they do not leave these fatal districts for the hilly country. Thus, then back water is wanting; but objectors to this may observe that, by excavating an immense space between the bay of Romney and Rye, the channel would afford an inexhaustible supply of back water, for docks, &c.; and also by sinking a well to 300 feet below the surface of the beach, soft water might be obtained, but these propositions are problematical. The canal if excavated would be of immense extent, and so far inland that there would be great difficulty in retaining the waters after obtained; and the soil of this region is not like the clay and chalk formation of London, where it is easy to obtain water sufficient to supply all this great wilderness from one well sunk to the reservoir, which is known to exist 320 feet below the surface of the earth. This project will, no at distant day, be performed, and if so, with the aid of steam power about equal to those engines used in the Cornish mines, pure water will be afforded to a population of two millions of souls. If such a shaft were sunk in London the water would percolate from the pores of the chalk, and rise more than a hundred feet; and therefore the power I have mentioned is deemed sufficient to produce the adequate supply. Now, the soil is entirely different in Romney marsh. Shafts have already been sunk to an immense depth, and the supply has been inadequate to support the small number of inhabitants that exist on this level. My readers may, therefore, imagine the misery and privation which would afflict an increased population—a population constantly accumulating—comprised of mariners and people of all nations, with the influx of labourers, artisans, and tradesmen which would greatly increase in a large maritime port. For these reasons I think a harbour would not succeed here; for a power greater than that given to man, has formed it for a protection to another portion of the coast. The stupendous attributes which created the beautiful and harmonious proportions of nature, have designed Dungeness point as a natural breakwater to the artificial works to be created by science and art in the magnificent bay of the ancient port of Hythe.

(To be continued.)

## The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SJE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

### CHAPTER XVI.—THE SECRET.

When Angele's astonishment at the arrival of Marshal Simon had passed away, Agricola said to her smilingly,

"I wish not, mademoiselle, to profit from this circumstance, to spare myself the trouble of describing the secret of our prosperity."

"Oh, Monsieur Agricola," replied Angele, "I am too much interested in what you have already told me, to let you break your promise."

"Well, listen to me, mademoiselle. M. Hardy, like a real magician, has pronounced three cabalistic words, '*association, community, fraternity*;' we understood the meaning of these words, and the wonders which you see, are created for our advantage, and also, I repeat it, for that of M. Hardy."

"This is what appears to me so extraordinary, Monsieur Agricola."

"Supposing, mademoiselle, that M. Hardy, instead of being what he is, had been a heartless speculator, thinking of nothing but his profits—saying to himself—'In order that my factory might bring me large returns, what is required?—perfect workmanship, great economy in the use of the raw material, skilful employment of the workman's time; in short, strict economy, in order to produce cheapness and excellence in the products, that they may be sold dearly.' Well, mademoiselle, I will tell you how these things were attained. 'My workmen, in living so far away from the factory, will be obliged to rise earlier than they would otherwise do; consequently, they will have less sleep than they require, and will not be so well able to work. Then, again, the severity of the weather will render things worse, the workman will arrive wet, shivering with cold and unnerved, before he begins to work—and then, what sort of work will he put off his hands! If, however, I provide lodgings for my workmen near the factory, it will do away with these inconveniences. Let me calculate, a married workman pays, in Paris, about two hundred and fifty francs a year for a couple of small and unhealthy apartments in some dark filthy street, the constant abode of fever; what sort of work can be expected from people

thus situated! As for the unmarried men, they pay about one hundred and fifty francs a year for apartments which are smaller, but equally unhealthy. Now, I employ 146 married men, who pay for their miserable dwellings about 36,500 francs a-year; and I employ 115 young men, who pay for theirs about 17,380 francs a-year, making a total of upwards of 50,000 francs! To induce my men to leave their abodes at Paris, I must offer them great advantages. I must reduce their rent one-half, and instead of unwholesome apartments, they must have them large and airy, and constructed so that they may be heated at little expense. The outlay required to construct buildings for my men will be 500,000 francs at the most, and the rents will bring in from 26, to 27,000, so that I will have good interest on my money, which will be perfectly secure, for the rents will be paid out of the wages. Then, again, as it is a well known fact that men work better when they are well fed, I must induce them to adopt the principle of association which will enable them to purchase the necessities of life at half the price which they now pay to the petty dealer. Thus, my men, well fed and well lodged, will be much more efficient workmen, which will be greatly to my advantage, independent of the five per cent. I shall receive for the outlay of my capital.' Therefore, you see, mademoiselle, that in a pecuniary point of view, leaving out other and higher considerations, our speculator while contributing to the comfort and happiness of his workmen would, at the same time, be reaping no small advantages for himself."

While conversing in this manner, Agricola and Angele arrived at the garden gate, and an aged woman, dressed with neatness and simplicity, approached them, and said, "Has M. Hardy returned to the factory, sir?"

"No, madame," replied Agricola, "but he is expected every hour."

"Is it known, sir, what time he will arrive?"

"I think not, madame, but the porter of the factory will, perhaps, be able to tell you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Monsieur Agricola," said Angele, when the old woman had left them, "did you observe how pale and excited that person is?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, and it seemed to me as if the tears were starting to her eyes."

"You are right; she appeared as if she had been weeping. Poor woman! perhaps she came to ask M. Hardy for succour. But what is the matter, Monsieur Agricola? you seem quite pensive."

## CHAPTER XVII.—THE SECRET CONTINUED.

Agricola had a vague presentiment that the visit of this aged woman was, in some way or other, connected with the adventure of the young lady, who, three days before, had inquired after M. Hardy.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said he to Angele; "but the presence of that woman has brought to my mind a circumstance, which I am not at liberty to disclose, because it is a secret which does not belong to me alone."

"Oh, Monsieur Agricola," replied the young girl, smiling, "I am no way curious; besides, what you have been telling me has interested me so much, that I don't desire to hear you speak of anything else."

"Well, then, mademoiselle, a few words more, and you will understand, as well as I do, all the secrets of our association. We will still continue to take the same view as the interested speculator. He says to himself—'Here are my workmen in the best condition possible for working well. Now, a great deal of my success depends on the economical employment of the raw material. What shall I do to induce my workmen not to waste it? Besides, this is not all; to obtain a high price for my products they must be faultless in their manufacture. The men I employ work tolerably well, but I must have work that cannot be surpassed. To accomplish these things, I must give them an interest in being careful in the use of the material, and I must induce them to try and discover the best modes of working, by making it their interest that everything which comes from their hands should be the most perfect of its kind. For, a workman who has no interest in these matters says to himself, 'What need I care about them? I don't get any more pay.' But, on the contrary, make it his interest to be zealous and industrious, and he redoubles his activity, and stimulates that of every one about him. What treasures of experience and practical knowledge are often lost for want of encouragement? This is a great pity! for a man engaged the whole of his life in a particular calling, must discover a thousand ways of doing things faster or better. I will establish a committee for consultation composed of my ablest workmen, and now that our interests are the same, vivid rays of light must necessarily be sent forth from this focus of practical intelligence.' The speculator is not deceived; for very soon, astonished at the incredible resources and wonderful ingenuity displayed by his workmen, he exclaims, 'You were in possession of all these things without telling me of them! That which has cost me, for ten years past, a hundred francs to manufacture, would have cost only fifty, leaving

out the immense saving of time!' 'Oh!' replies the workman, 'what did your gains signify to me? Now it is different. I have, besides my wages, an interest in your success; you have raised me in my own esteem, and have consulted my knowledge and experience, and instead of treating me like an inferior, you have held communion with me, therefore it is my interest, as well as my duty, to acquaint you with what I already know, and also to acquire still more.' But what do I see? why here is M. Hardy."

At this moment M. Hardy and his friend, M. de Blessac, who was betraying him so infamously, entered the courtyard belonging to the factory.

A few words on the subject we have just been endeavouring to describe, which is connected with the organisation of labour, and the employment of capital. In spite of the speeches that have been made on the increasing prosperity of the country, it is a fact beyond dispute, that the labouring classes were never more miserable than now, because their wages were never so inadequate to their wants. The increasing disposition of the rich to aid the poor is convincing evidence of the truth of what we affirm. Yet all this isolated and individual generosity is insufficient. Government alone could provide an efficient remedy, but they keep cautiously aloof. Grave people seriously discuss the importance of our diplomatic relations with Monometapa, or any other matters of equal consequence, while they abandon to private commiseration a laborious and intelligent people, who, by a disastrous and pitiless competition, are often even in want of the work which will barely enable them to live.

Our statesmen smile at the bare idea of lending their names to a cause which would surround them with a generous popularity. They all prefer waiting till the social question bursts upon them like thunder; then, in the midst of that frightful commotion, which will shake the world, what will become of those grave questions which our statesmen now busy themselves with? We said, a long time ago, *if the rich knew*. Well! we now say it, to the praise of humanity, when the rich *do know*, they often do good with intelligence and generosity. We will say no more on this subject at present, because we shall have an opportunity of returning to it before the conclusion of this work.

Shortly after the arrival of M. Hardy and M. de Blessac, a coach—the occupant of which was no other than M. Rodin—was seen advancing in the direction of the factory.

## CHAPTER—XVIII. THE MANUFACTORY.

Whilst Angele and Agricola were examining the manufactory, the band of Wolfs, gathering strength on their way, marched towards the factory to which the fiacre, that brought Rodin from Paris, was slowly progressing.

M. Hardy, accompanied by his friend, M. de Blessac, alighted and entered his house, which was adjacent to the manufactory. He was of the middle stature, rather thin and elegant, with a high forehead, open countenance, dark, keen eyes, pale face, and possessing a look at once mild and penetrating.

One word alone will depict the character of M. Hardy. He was called the *Sensitive*, an appellation given him by his mother. Added to extreme sensibility, he had a passionate love for the fine arts, was highly intellectual, and possessed the most refined and exquisite taste.

It might be asked, how M. Hardy, who, from his sensitive nature, must have suffered much from commercial intrigue, had not had his heart broken a thousand times in that incessant warfare to which men in business are subjected?

M. Hardy had suffered much. Forced to follow up the commercial life in which his father, a man of probity, who left his affairs embarrassed, had been engaged, he attained, by force of industry and capacity, one of the most honourable positions in society; but to effect this, he was forced to submit to the most ignoble tricks of men influenced by envy and malice.

M. Hardy was often overwhelmed with indignation at acts of dishonesty and baseness, and would have sunk under them, had it not been for the sage counsel of his mother, whom he loved with filial affection, but whom he suddenly lost.

After this lamentable affair, M. Hardy became more attached to his workmen. Not that he was not always good and just to them, but being constantly with his men, he took great delight in seeing those happy and comfortable by whom he was surrounded. He then withdrew, as it were, from the world, concentrating his life in three affections—sincere friendship for M. de Blessac, an ardent and sincere love, and a parental attachment for his workmen.

His days were passed in the midst of this little world—a world filled with gratitude and respect. So, after considerable grief and anxiety, M. Hardy attained the age of maturity, having one friend, a lady's affections, and the passionate attachment of his workmen.

M. de Blessac had for a long time been his sincere and affectionate friend, but Rodin and d'Aigrigny had undermined his honesty, and made him the instrument of their machinations.

"Ah! my dear Blessac," said M. Hardy warming his hands at a good fire, "I am decidedly getting old, for the leaving of my home and my habits deranges me, and," he added, laughingly, "I curse everything that causes me to leave this comfortable and happy spot."

"When I think, then," said M. de Blessac, scarcely able to prevent himself from blushing, "that you undertook a long excursion on my account—"

"But, then, my dear Marcel, did you not, in your turn, accompany me on an excursion, rendered pleasant by you, which otherwise would have been very dull and fatiguing."

"Ah! what a difference! Then I contracted a debt which I shall never be able to repay."

"Come, come, my dear Marcel, is there any real difference between that which is called mine, and that which belongs to you. To those devoted to each other, is there not as much pleasure in giving as receiving."

"What a noble heart!"

"Say happy heart; for it beats with joy in doing good, and especially in doing good to those I esteem."

"Who merits happiness, my friend, if it be not you?"

"To what do you think I owe this happiness—to affection, which I found ready to sustain me, when, at my mother's death, I lost all my strength, and was almost incapable of bearing up in adversity—Ah, Marcel, in your friendship I found great relief."

"Do not speak of me, my friend," said M. de Blessac, with assumed embarrassment, "let us speak of another affection that is as tender as a mother's."

"I understand you, my good Marcel. I have nothing to hide from you, since, in this matter I had recourse to your friendship. Well, each day adds to the love I have for that excellent woman, and though she loves me passionately, still she tells me, with her habitual frankness,—I have sacrificed everything for you, still, I would sacrifice you to my mother."

"But, my friend, you do not expect to see Marguerite reduced to that trial. I thought her mother had, some time ago, given up the idea of returning to America."

A servant at this moment entered, and said to M. Hardy, "An old man wishes to see you on business of importance."

"Already!" said M. Hardy, in surprise, "you will permit me, my friend?"

M. de Blessac nodded assent, and was about to retire into an adjoining apartment, when M. Hardy said, smiling, "No; no; stay where you are—your presence will shorten the interview—show the person upstairs, Joseph."



"The postilion wishes to know if he may leave?"

"No; not at all; he will drive M. de Blessac back to Paris—let him wait."

The servant left, and a few moments afterwards ushered in M. Rodin.

"M. Hardy?" demanded the ex-secretary, looking first at the manufacturer, then at M. de Blessac.

"That's my name, sir, said M. Hardy.

"M. Francis Hardy?"

"It is I sir."

"I have a secret communication to make."

"Speak out, sir; this gentleman is my friend."

"But it is to you alone that I wish to speak."

Thinking, from the mean appearance of Rodin, that he had come to ask charity, and did not wish to do so in the presence of a third party, M. Hardy, not to offend his delicacy, said, "Permit me to ask you, sir, if the secret of this interview relates to you or to me?"

"To you, sir; absolutely to you."

"Then, sir," said M. Hardy, "you can speak; I keep no secrets from my friend."

After a moment's silence, Rodin said, "I know, sir, that you are worthy of the good name which you bear, and, being so, merit the good wishes of all honest men."

"I hope so, sir."

"Then, as an honest man, I come to render you service."

"A service, sir?"

"Yes; I have come to reveal an infamous plot, of which you have been the victim."

"I think you are mistaken, sir."

"I have proofs for what I assert—written proofs—to show that the man you took for your bosom friend has cruelly deceived you."

"The name of that man?"

"M. Marcel de Blessac."

At these words De Blessac started, became pale, and remained speechless.

M. Hardy, without looking at his friend, or perceiving his emotion, said, taking De Blessac by the hand, "Silence, my friend;" then looking at Rodin with contempt and indignation, he added, "You accuse M. de Blessac. Do you know him?"

"I never saw him."

"Then how dare you accuse a worthy man of having betrayed me?"

"Two words," said Rodin, with feigned emotion. "A man of honour, who sees an honest man on the point of being assassinated, ought he not to cry out murder, or try to ward off the blow; for in my opinion treason, in some instances, is as criminal as murder."

"Sir?"

"Without doubt, you know the handwriting of M. de Blessac?"

"Yes, sir"

"Read this letter."

Casting his eye upon M. de Blessac, M. Hardy drew backwards, confounded at the pale and disordered look of his friend.

"Marcel," he cried, "how pale you are! Why don't you speak? Do you not hear what this man says? He asserts that you are a traitor—that you have betrayed me!" Then seizing his hand, which was very cold, he added, with horror, "O God, can it be true! You do not answer me!"

"Marcel! You are then M. de Blessac?" demanded Rodin, with feigned surprise. "Since I am before you, allow me to ask you if you dare deny having addressed several letters under cover, to M. Rodin, Rue Milieu des Ursins, Paris?"

M. de Blessac remained silent.

M. Hardy tore open the letter, and read a few lines. He stopped—he could read no farther. The letter fell from him, and, staggering backwards, he hid his face in his hands. Soon, however, indignation and contempt succeeded his grief; and raising his arm, as if to strike Blessac, he cried, "miserable scoundrel!" Then he added, with frightful calmness, "No; it would be soiling my hand to do so; it will be better used in grasping yours, for you merit esteem for unmasking a villain."

"Sir!" cried Blessac in shame, "I am at your service, and —"

He had not time to finish. A noise was heard at the door, which was opened violently, and a woman in years, in spite of the remonstrances of the servant, rushed into the apartment.

"I tell you," said she, "that I will speak to your master."

At that voice—at the sight of that woman, pale and breathless—M. Hardy staggered, exclaiming, "Madame Duparc, you here! What is the matter?"

"O Sir, a terrible misfortune!"

"Marguerite!" uttered M. Hardy, in terror.

"She has left."

"Marguerite left—Marguerite left?" he repeated, thunderstruck.

"Yes; all is discovered. Her mother has taken her away."

"Left! Marguerite! It is impossible. It is not true. I am deceived," exclaimed M. Hardy; who, without saying another word, ran down stairs, leapt into his carriage, calling out to the postillion, "To Paris at full gallop!"

As the horses flew rapidly along the Paris road, the wind, which was blowing strong, bore along the distant war-song of the Wolves, who were advancing towards the factory.

(To be continued.)

## Review.

## The Gatherer.

*Mrs. Delectable and her Pupils, or the Spirit of Young England coming out.*

[H. Cunningham, Strand.]

A series of Letters, or a lively correspondence between two young ladies educated at one of England's fashionable boarding schools, in which pupils so stock their heads that a flood takes place and drowning ensues. There are exceptions in everything, and certainly Mrs. Delectable's school presents one of these rare phenomena, for learning made such rapid inroads in the minds of her pupils—though "Punch" and poetry were excluded—that "delectable puns," and prose "delectably sublime," were ever and anon issuing from the rosy lips of these fair pupils of Esculapius. Young England is waxing strong—her spirit is beginning, like an eastern gale, to shed its benign influence on the fair, frail, and robust inhabitants of this favoured soil. Mind is being developed; Young England is enlightening Old England through the medium of incubations, incubations, and demonstrations, which, like the sun in regularity, are daily proclaimed, flutter a few hours in the horizon of life, and expire in the hubbub created to announce their existence.

"Mrs. Delectable and her Pupils," however, may be read by some with great pleasure and interest; and by a great many not at all.

To be comic—to be a punster—to handle a boarding-school subject in a comic vein—is a task, clever as the authoress is, beyond her power; wit, however, unlike gold or silver, is not valued by the same standard, so, therefore, this work to some may prove very amusing.

Let us give a portion of one of the young ladies' letters, which bears a striking resemblance to the others, except the greater portion are more interlarded with French sentences, which are anything but effective.

"My dear Elisa,—You may have wondered at the long *interregnum* between my last letter and this, but the fact is, the banker's daughter (our invaluable postman) caught cold sitting too near a draught. Her papa placed a *cheque* (check) on her, and we have not been able to draw upon her kindness; her illness cost her papa a long *bill*, and although the *stamp* has been placed on my letter for some time, I am quite at a *discount*, for I had no means of sending it to you, so there it remained to remind me, by *sight*, that you had not been able to acknowledge the *receipt* of it. Thank goodness, the postman is now well, and climbs the *bank* by Myrtle Cottage without drawing any cold from draughts.

*Single or Married.*—The arrow which the peasant women at Rome wear in their hair has a ball at the end if they are free; but, if betrothed or married, has an expanded head.

*March of Civilisation in Sweden.*—In a speech made in the year 1750 by M. Olof, to the Academy Royal of Stockholm, we find the following curious remarks on the improvements in Sweden. "About 100 years ago, there was not so much as a single orchard in all Sweden. We began to plant apple-trees but in the time of Q. Christina. The bringing cabbage and turnips from Germany, many people still remember. In the time of Gustavus, Brunswick mum was the liquor at the royal table, and hardly to be met with any where else. Brandy was not known till the time of Eric XIV, and tobacco did not become common till the days of Q. Christina. About 80 years ago perukes were first worn, and in those days our poultry was imported from other countries. If a pitcher of wine is drank in a week in a farmer's house, he is thought extravagant, but 100 may be drank within the same space, in a merchant's family, and he pass for a good economist notwithstanding."

*Sharp Look Out.*—Last week a well-dressed, lady-looking female, called at Mr. Thompson's, Collingwood-street, and inspected some combs, during which operation, she was seen to secret one in her muff. Having selected another, she put down a sovereign in payment; when Mr. T. adroitly said, "Shall I take pay for two, ma'am?" The lady feigned astonishment: but being reminded that she had incautiously put one in her muff, she, in her confusion, paid for two, but only took one away. In the muff appeared to be other parcels of goods, bought, or incautiously and unthinkingly lodged there by this forgetful lady!—*THE MERCURY.* [Who will now say that the example made of Miss Osborn, daughter of Sir John Osborn, has not done some good?]

## CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. W. L.—We shall be happy to hear from him at his convenience. What we could prefer is variety—short, clear, and concise.

The conclusion of "The Fisher's Cot" will appear next week.

"A leaf from the Pages of School days" shortly.

"The Life of a Literary Man" is, unfortunately, not like what the writer proposes to picture.

Want of room compels us to postpone several articles intended for the present number.

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